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In the
Woods



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IN THE WOODS

WITH

BRYANT, LONGFELLOW, AND HALLECK.

ILLUSTRATED FROM DRAWINGS

BY JOHN A. HOWS.

"The nunneries of silent nooks,
The murmur'd longing of the wood."—LOWELL.

NEW YORK:
JAMES G. GREGORY, PUBLISHER.
MDCCLXIII.

Entered according to Act of Congress, in the year 1862,

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The Death of the Flowers, - BY - WM. CULLEN BRYANT.

When Woods were Green, - BY - HENRY W. LONGFELLOW.

Wyoming—A Fragment. - - BY - FITZ-GREENE HALLECK.

List of Engravers.

MESSRS. ANNIN.

BOBBETT-HOOPER.

FILMER.

ANDREW

BROSS,

KINNERSLEY.

BOGERT,

COX,

N. ORR & CO.





THE melancholy days are come, the saddest of the year,
Of wailing winds, and naked woods, and meadows brown and sere,
Heaped in the hollows of the grove, the autumn leaves lie dead:
They rustle to the eddying gust, and to the rabbit's tread.

The robin and the wren are flown,
And from the shrubs the jay,
And from the wood-top calls the
crow

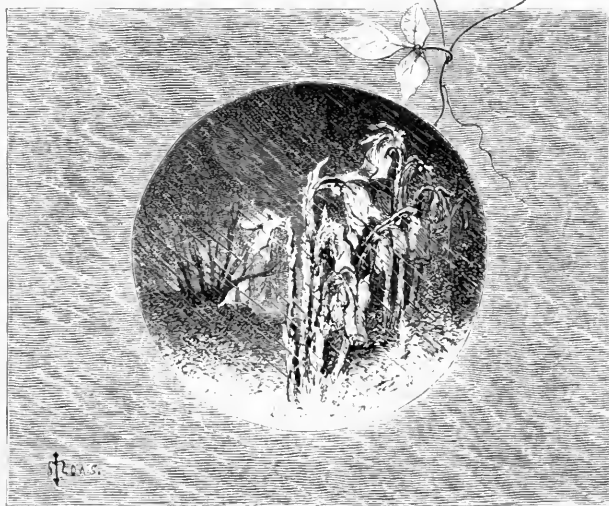
Through all the gloomy day,
Where are the flowers, the fair young flowers,
That lately sprang and stood,
In brighter light, and softer airs,
A beauteous sisterhood?





Alas! they all are in their
graves, the gentle race of flowers
Are lying in their lowly beds, with the
fair and good of ours.

The rain is falling where they lie, but the
cold November rain
Calls not from out the gloomy earth
the lovely ones again.





wind-flower and the violet,

They perished long ago,

And the brier-rose and the orchis

Died amid the summer glow :





at on the hill the golden rod, and the aster in
the wood,

And the yellow sunflower by the brook in autumn

beauty stood,

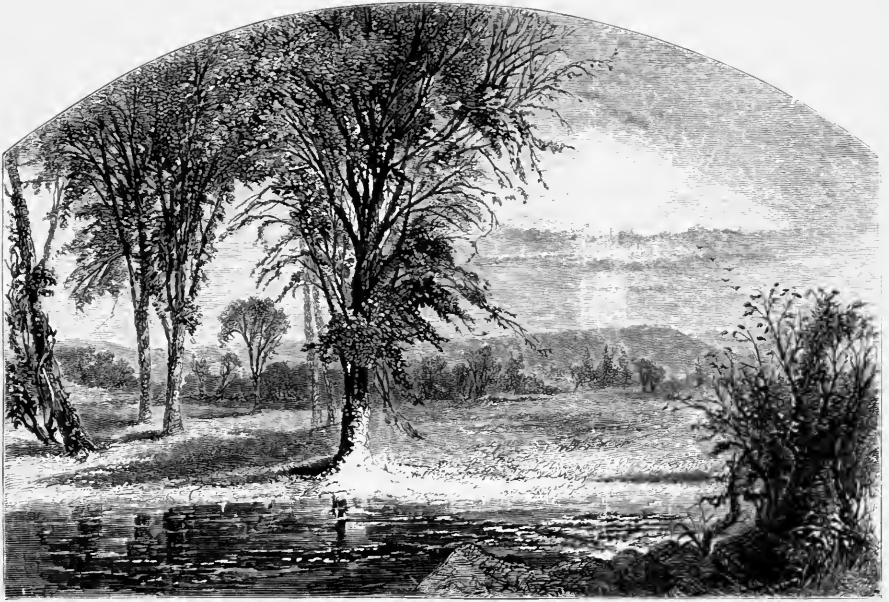
Till fell the frost from the clear cold heaven, as falls

the plague on men,

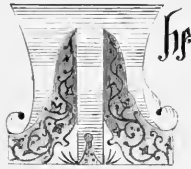
And the brightness of their smile was

gone, from upland, glade, and glen.





And now when comes the calm mild day,
As still such days will come,
To call the squirrel and the bee
From out their winter home;
When the sound of dropping nuts is heard,
Though all the trees are still,
And twinkle in the smoky light
The waters of the rill,



South-wind searches for
the flowers whose fra-
grance late he bore,
And sighs to find them in
the wood and by the
stream no more.



then I think of one
who in her youthful beauty
died,

The fair, meek blossom that grew
up and faded by my
side:



In the cold, moist earth we laid her,
 When the forests cast the leaf,
And we wept that one so lovely
 Should have a life so brief;
Yet not unmeet it was that one
 Like that young friend of ours,
So gentle and so beautiful,
 Should perish with the flowers.



When woods
were green.



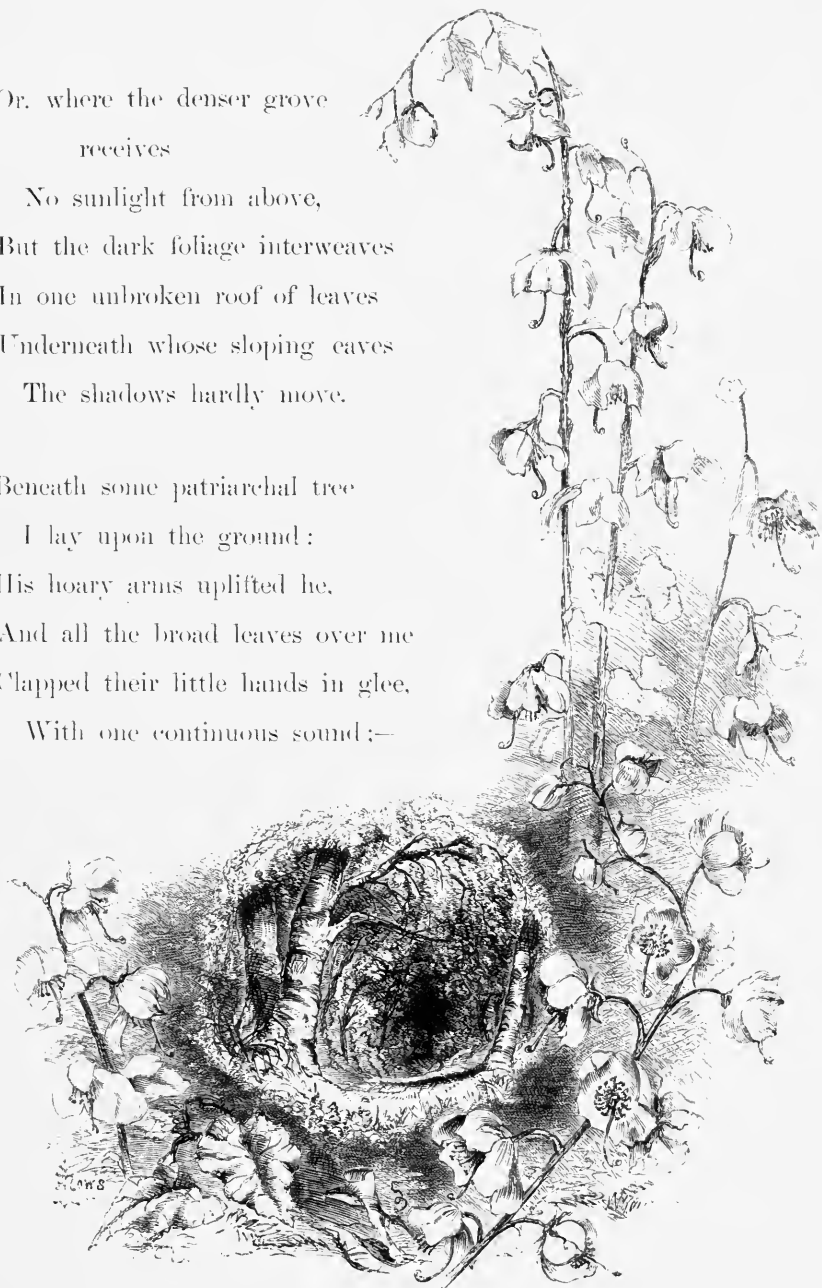
PLEASANT it was, when woods were green,
And winds were soft and low,
To lie amid some sylvan scene,
Where, the long drooping boughs between,
Shadows dark, and sunlight sheen,
Alternate come and go;

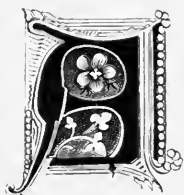
Or, where the denser grove
receives

No sunlight from above,
But the dark foliage interweaves
In one unbroken roof of leaves
Underneath whose sloping eaves
The shadows hardly move.

Beneath some patriarchal tree

I lay upon the ground:
His hoary arms uplifted he,
And all the broad leaves over me
Clapped their little hands in glee,
With one continuous sound:—





slumberous sound—a sound that brings

The feelings of a dream—

As of innumerable wings,

As, when a bell no longer swings,

Faint the hollow murmur rings

O'er meadow, lake, and stream.

And dreams of that which cannot die,

Bright visions came to me,

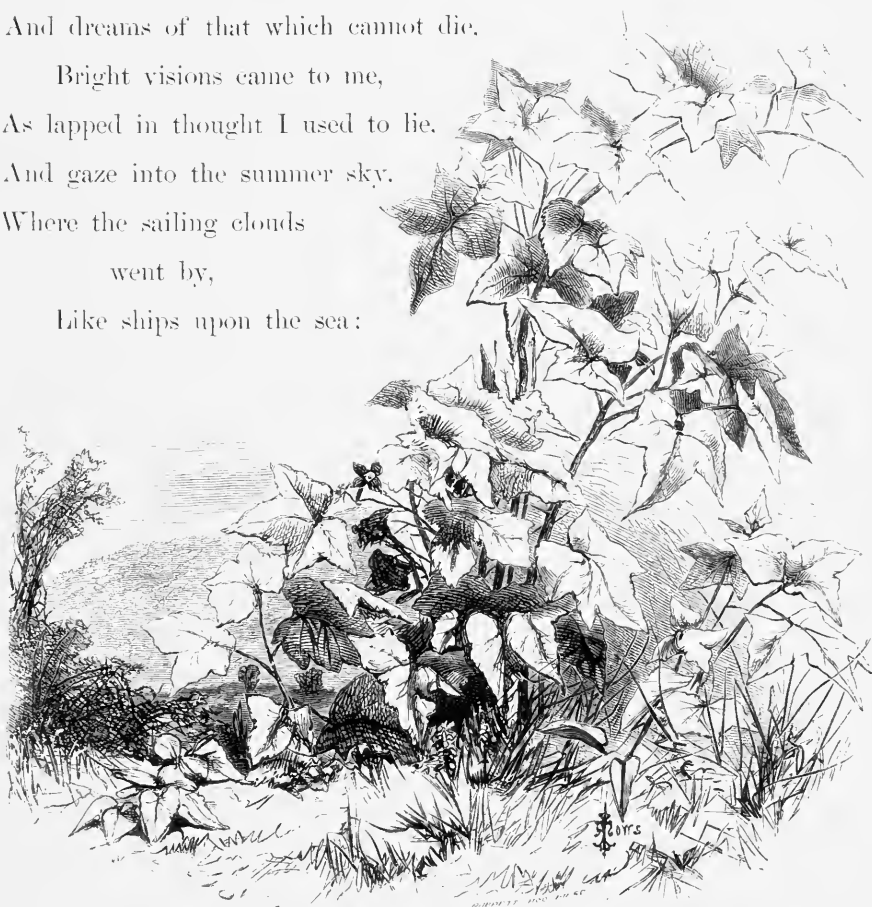
As lapped in thought I used to lie,

And gaze into the summer sky.

Where the sailing clouds

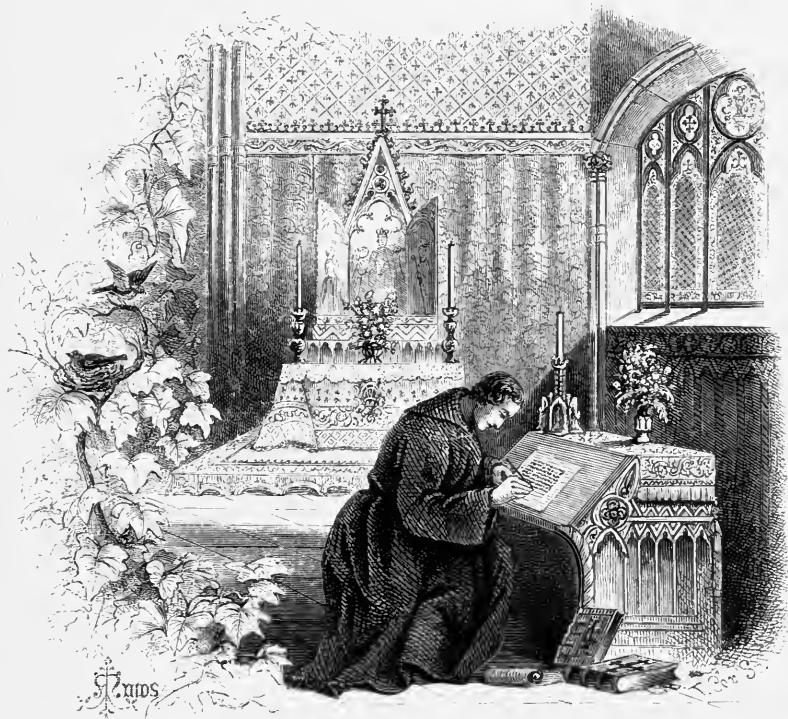
went by,

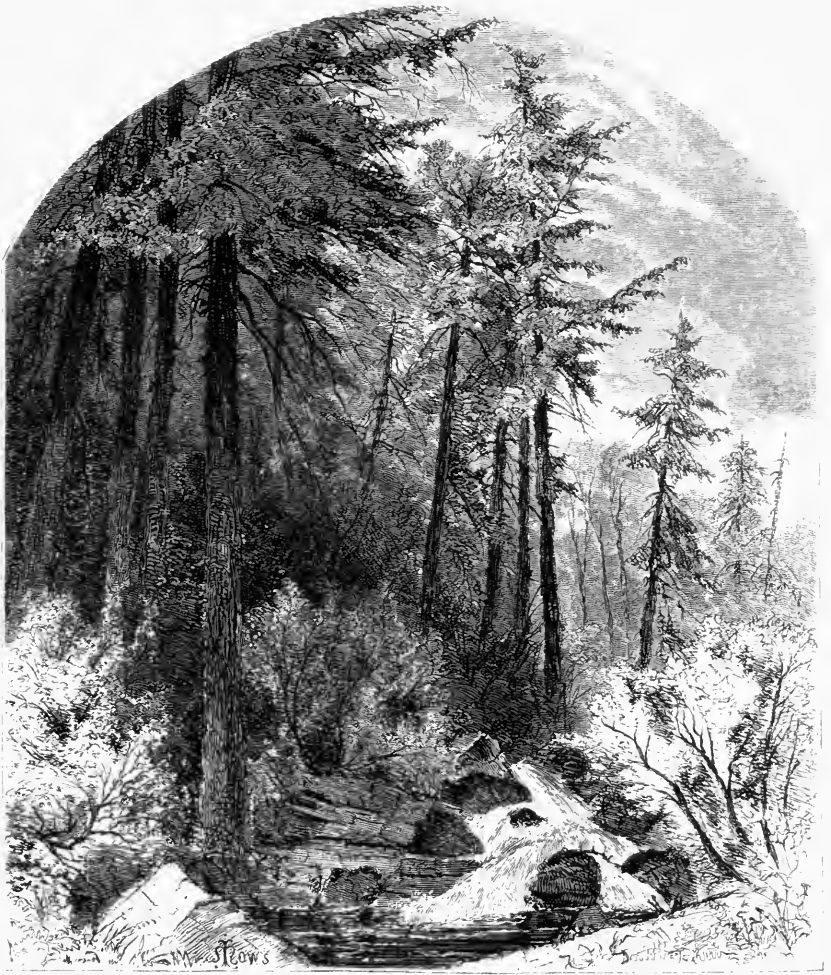
Like ships upon the sea:



Dreams that the soul of youth engage

Ere Fancy has been quelled;
Old legends of the monkish page,
Traditions of the saint and sage,
Tales that have the rime of age,
And chronicles of Eld.





And, loving still these quaint old themes,

Even in the city's throng

I feel the freshness of the streams,

That, crossed by shades and sunny gleams,

Water the green land of dreams.

The holy land of song.

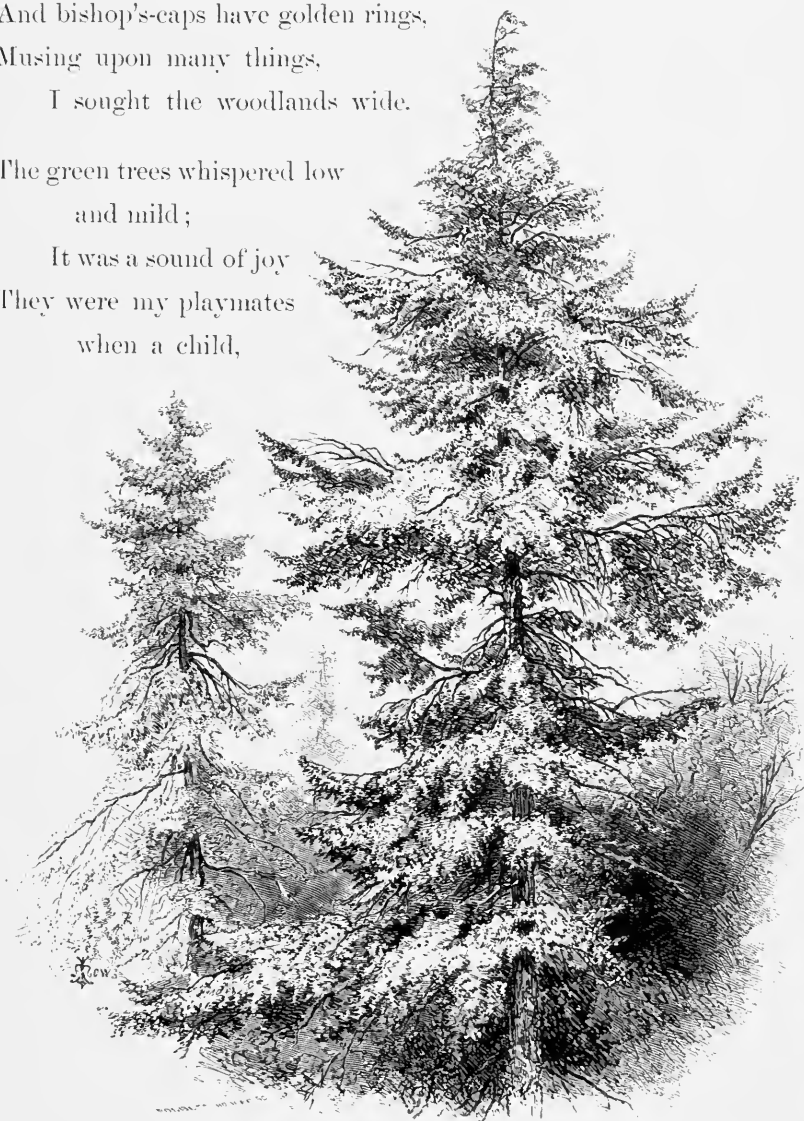


heretofore

at Pentecost, which brings
The Spring, clothed like a bride,
When nestling buds unfold their wings
And bishop's-caps have golden rings,
Musing upon many things,
I sought the woodlands wide.

The green trees whispered low
and mild;

It was a sound of joy
They were my playmates
when a child,





And rocked me in their arms so wild!
Still they looked at me and smiled.
As if I were a boy:

And ever whispered, mild and low,
"Come, be a child once more!"
And waved their long arms to and fro,
And beckoned solemnly and slow:
O, I could not choose but go
Into the woodlands hoar:



the blithe and breathing air,
Into the solemn wood,
Solemn and silent everywhere!
Nature with folded hands seemed there,
Kneeling at her evening prayer!
Like one in prayer I stood.





efore me rose an avenue,

Of tall and sombrous pines:

Abroad their fan-like branches grew,

And, where the sunshine darted through,

Spread a vapor soft and blue,

In long and sloping lines.

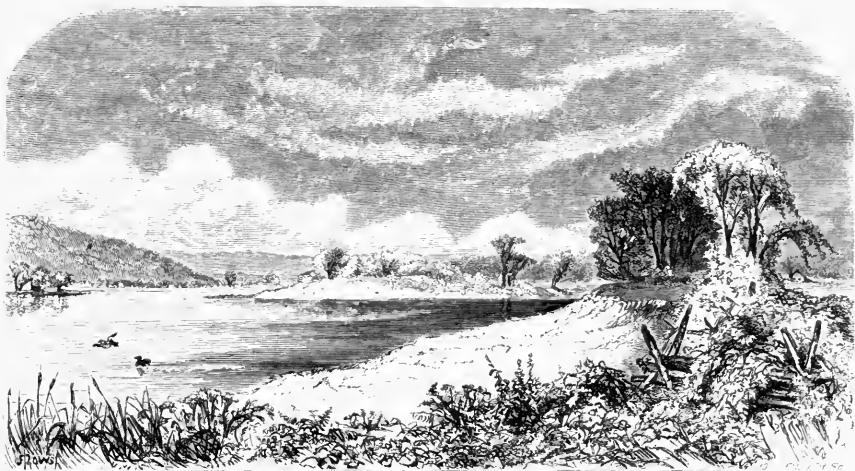




And falling on my weary brain,
Like a fast-falling shower,
The dreams of youth came back again.
Low lisplings of the summer rain,
Dropping on the ripened grain,
As once upon the flower.

Visions of childhood! Stay, O stay!
Ye were so sweet and wild!
And distant voices seemed to say,
"It cannot be! They pass away!"





Thou com'st in beauty, on my gaze at last,

“On Susquehanna's side, fair Wyoming!”

Image of many a dream, in hours long past,

When life was in its bud and blossoming,

And waters gushing from the fountain-spring

Of pure enthusiast thought, dimmed my young eyes,

As by the poet borne, on unseen wing.

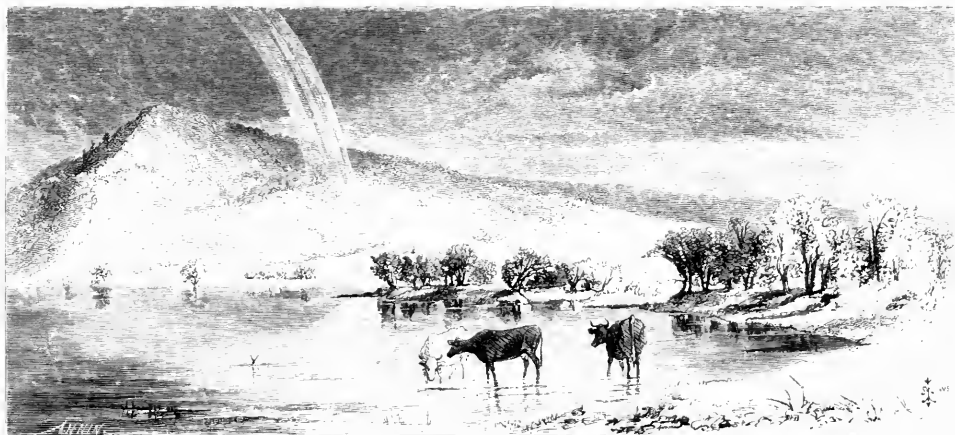


I breathed, in fancy, 'neath thy cloudless skies,
The summer's air, and heard her echoed harmonies.



I then but dreamed: thou art before me now,

In life, a vision of the brain no more.



I've stood upon the wooded mountain's brow,

That beetles high thy lovely valley o'er;

And now, where winds thy river's greenest shore,

Within a bower of Sycamores am laid:

And winds, as soft and sweet as ever bore

The fragrance of wild flowers through sun and shade,



re singing in the trees, whose low boughs
press my head.





Nature hath made thee lovelier than the power
Even of Campbell's pen hath pictured: he
Had woven, had he gazed one sunny hour
Upon thy smiling vale, its scenery
With more of truth, and made each rock and tree
Known like old friends, and greeted from afar.



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